

Canibus Presents:



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Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / The Brainstream"

[Professor]

I'm a University professor and so...haha

I'm always a University professor

so the most important people in this room are not us but the students

And I want to say to you kids who've come along

First of all, thanks very much for turning out

And secondly, think about what we're talking about

Because these are important issues

Even if they're not on the test

These are really important issues to you as a human being

And I hope that you won't... won't agree with me... won't agree with any of us

That you'll make your own minds up

But I hope you will think about them and talk about them

[Canibus]

Ay yo

One time for your M-I-N-D

Canibus, this is the bloodstream

Two times for all of the MC's

Canibus, this is the bloodstream

Brainstream nigga, yeah

[Canibus]

Uh-huh...uh-huh

Yo, Yo, Ayo

I spit so ferocious I can't stay focused

Watch the ambience of the tone switch

When I'm in mic mode, ELF overload

The proverbial verbal toe to toe, foot to your throat

Ding ding get in the ring nigga, answer your phone

Rap so sick the friction will leave your lips swole

Sippin on sour cold sauce syrup slow

Rippin the flow till your face looks like strawberry pulp

Scan your whole area code...call the crib like, "Is he home?"

Tell him to come alone and "click" phone

Spit rhymes and split skulls

Miserable pitbulls leave you with turnakit wrapped wrist bones

From Fort Hood to Fort Green

My metaphors bling, Lord of The Rings, I'm the thorazine king

Hold that... hold this... put the mic down before you catch thumbrosis

You holding a Cris? I'm in your house feeding your fish in your robe and slips

Holding your old ladies tit, frequent visitors stick a dick in her

Supreme lyricist with built antique twenty fusion inhibitors

Citizens scared of the minimum lyrical derivitive forty-four curriculum

syllables caliber killing em

Damn nigga, what you think of him?

Feeling that nigga dun!

For real, cause that nigga been spittin for a minute son
They wanna get rid of him, that's why they belittle him on the mic
 He ain't human, that's what I keep tellin them
 If they don't wanna play him on FM then F-them
 He don't care about them, the mic is his best friend
 Throw a beat on and bless him
 Battle... bring ya best men, XXL X-Men
My rap cracks the thermostat reset the temp at 180 degrees
Please, it's no sweat, all I need to know is where and when
Talk to my agent and make sure the craft service is Jamaican
Record through 32x lense, right brain connect with left hem
 The REM is high res, my surveillance disrespect feds
 Anti-social, dyslexic, doing CAT Scans at the pet shem
The MC mourtuary endorser, mortifier turns the audience to dismembered corpses
Slap bootleggers with a novelty tax, enforced by the Rap Coalition Poverty Act
 Black balled, but whats it feel like not to be black?
 Universal got my stock, I want my property back
 Spit hard and never got a dime
Spit the hottest rhymes, in modern times and still got ostracized
 For the intelligent community that reads my lyrics
 What I've writting deserves a legional merrit
This is the precarious position of a rap star dead serious
With hilariously bizarre, share your verses with the gods
R-A-W-W-A-R, flow for 108 bars, I took nothing and gave all
 Yo, look up in the sky
 A burning star quasar when I rhyme
 Artwork of an undetermined design
I still shine quoteables of an uncorrodable kind
Lightning bolt struck the pen and I wrote a few lines
 The brainstream will be back online in due time

Brainstream Nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Got Bitches?"

[*Canibus - chorus*]

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[*Canibus*]

Hot lyrics loop the beat and rock wit it
Go head slam the door in my face ill lock smith it
My box cutter blades rip it
Toxemic the loop is out for lyrics when we out for fire spit it
Put a high speed on the electrons limit light like quick googol bowlers
Hitting the wicked get jig
Fix my aperients take you to Paris
Cook diner on a taros for you and your parents
First impression what they think of me
Don't they like legume
Won't let you commit to me
Tell them that you're live with me
Tell them I dig you out diligently
And you thinking about giving up anything just to have twins with me
Turbo 911 98 degree weather engines wined as I push the leather
Pin you to the leather I can prove I can love in 3 seconds
So let me pull over and check your P.S.I presser

[*Canibus - chorus*]

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]

New and improved updated sex pistols
Clamp your nipples
The betty ass sample
Leave your kidney crippled
Cherry pickle lift you flip you like a nickel
Scream and stay word girl I'm a keep wiping you
Eyes wide shout that word it's a deal yo
At R Kelly show showing his home amateur video
Produced by a pinto at the house
The custodian of recorders is me not Mari Cabal
The best job in the world
Besides touring around with Jagged Edge
With something whole coroner round
Rhythm & Blues get all the kuch kuch
No doubt and when I'm singing R & B this is how it sounds

[Canibus singing]

Young lady you look so fine I cant turn my eyes away the way you look in the launderette and a...

[Canibus - chorus]

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]

She wanna make it in her mouth
With the ta ta busting out show her what's love about
Spend the budget and bounds
No one would know she is going down south it don't count
Cause I never met a striper that respected her spouse
Beat her ass as soon as she steps in the house
What she a spec
She kissing him with D.N.A we left in her mouth
She blaming it on the drugs and the vine

Club seen is obscene I told you umpteen times
You want to be an actress
Why you proud of her haven't shit change but the dick sliding in and out of her
Ain't nobody looking out for her
The appointment with the casting coach counselor is really just about a nut
Aint no photographer taking no snap shots of her
With no car board cut out camera for 20 dollars
Why that bitch telling you she got the part
She got spit starch on somebody's boxer shirts you heard

[*Canibus - chorus*]
Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsemen Enforcements"

(feat. Kurupt, Ras Kass)

[Ras Kass]

Killah Priest, Canibus, Kurupt, Ras Kass
Horsemen. Enforcement
MATRIX, NIGGA!

[Kurupt]

We, reconstruct (horseman)
Re-decompose, disassemble
The thirteenth member
Around the compound of 15 soldiers
Lead by four to start off the war

[Ras]

FEE, FI, FO, FUM! I smell the blood like Nosferatu!
Inhale invisible death like CO2
Slum you, your label mates, and your CEO too
See we know you, nigga, IOU

[Kurupt]

Cockin the heat, miser, feel the heat, dunn
The elite and street sweep
Pop hollow chrome, holla
Separate your collar-bone, marauder
Neo alotta[?], the anointed, don't get pin-pointed
Yeah, you bout to spread, we comin for head
Horseman, headless
The tactical tech technical technique torturous technician!
Hybrid, the virus spread miles around
Miles and miles, bodies found in piles for miles

[Ras]

You niggaz comedy with that gangsta rapper rap
That shit's comedy like Bernie Mac doing Beanie Sigel fuckin rap
Like magic how funny niggaz disappear your fame
Damon Wayans vs David Blaine
Tuck your chain (hell in a hand basket.... fight back...)

[Chorus Ras]

Kick in the door wavin the 4-4 (what?!)
To hit these niggaz with these ill metaphors (what?!)
Forever raw, forever love that hardcore (what?!)
Horsemen, bring the World War Four (what?!)

[Ras]

We run these concrete streets, sportin cleats
Ain't nothin sweet (faggot!)

That harocyglemic[?] rap is weak!
I swing machetes and chop niggaz legs off complete
Glue your ankles to your palms:
Meet the agony of defeat (the feet)!

[Kurupt]
You can't push me, believe it
I bash niggaz til they paraplegic
The source, the force, the flame!
The inner duct, the powder, the outer, the frame
We the horsemen, fuck the game!

Canibus Lyrics

"Here 4 Free"

[Female #1]

Girl! Look over there...is that Canibus?

[Female #2]

I Don't Know

[Female #1]

It looks like him

[Female #2]

I think it is

[Bouncer]

Is your name on the list?

Who you here to see?

[Canibus]

I don't think I'm on the list

I'm just here for free

[Bouncer]

You got a video out?

You got a platinum LP?

[Canibus]

Yo why does that matter?

I just came for free

[Bouncer]

Alright Bis

Let him through

[Female #1]

Where's he been?

[Canibus]

Damn girl look at you now, huhh

On T.V.

With that pretty smile, huhh

Truth is I miss you and I wanna tell ya

But I ain't got no numbers, email, or nothing

You know I seen you at the Bad Boy for life shoot

You was wearing a tight light blue Nike suit

I remember when I connected eyes with you

You winked at me, I thought that was really nice of you

I remember once staying up all night with you

Writing with you, talking bout life with you, it was exciting too

I'm assuming you did the same cause you cared
Girl, don't you remember all the laughter we shared
We used to talk about why Pras failed so bad
And why the hell Wyclef's breath smells so bad
Okay, I know I don't need to tell em all that
But we was kinda feelin each other, you can't deny that
We worked on records together, you murdered them tracks
I think it was sexy how you said the verses like that
You said, "Free be the one rockin shyt, special operative, specialize any weapon diagnostic"
Just thinkin about it got me souped up
I wanna hug you in your birthday suit, what
Damn, this record is getting out of hand
I'm crazy, you probably already got a man
In that case I hope you hear this song
Sincerely yours, see you at 106 & Park

Canibus Lyrics

"Microphone Meticulousness"

Ooo ya done fucked up now
Oo boy it's the mainstream blazing the green rip the
mic no matter how wasted I seem yee

Is this what you want?

[Canibus]

Yee yo yo I rap that shit when the mic check that shit
Canibus nigga he the best that spit
Fuck the fact that I never had a hit
I don't need it cuz I never met a rapper that I ain't rip
Walk strap wit a mic and a 50 minute DAT for the night
just incase your show ain't tight
Step on stage and paste left to right
Like a lion ready to bit you dieing tonight
More lines to your forehead than Brian McKnight
A thousand volt voice box I'm a fry them tonight
I've been shitin on site
Meticulousness with the mic takes a mic and rips it
like a Corbin knife
Lyricist that don't lounge
Break a nigga down
Since you're iced out you can keep the sweating down
Lift you of the ground till your bitch screams
Put him down he's a mic club member now
Beat you wit my braw
Force you to speak loud
Like motherfuckers give me 50 bars right now
Plus another 50 that's not 100
You spit 86 you trying to tell me you can't count
Throw you in the sweat box let you sweat in out
1 2 3 4 1 bar figure it out
You should feel you maggots aren't ready for the
illist rappers
Allied metaphors in this joint active compensative
comp linens in the rhyme science Protected by mic club security advisers
Pick the mic up and train
Till my voice becomes number one again on a Marge ton exchange
Too violent to tame
Move vein pump thro my veins
Cuz I never been embraced by the game
Put emcees to shame
With the lyrical linguist spiting vintage colonial English
Like who art thou, bow to the 10 inch dick suck on it
I'm the aflame of this shit
From the king of the past bringing it back
Tell the queen of the pride to come sit on my lap

Her body is spotless she ain't got one scratch
So you could keep them other ugly bitches in the back

[Chorus: x3]

Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can

Canibus Lyrics

"I Can - U Can't"

[Canibus]

Can-I-Bus, ripping them

Forty-four curriculum syllabus caliber killing them nigga

[Canibus]

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't

Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't

Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker

Give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't

Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't

Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker

Just give me a minute

[Canibus]

Yo

This is cannibal rap, Canibus cancels your stats

My vandals in black'll take a hammer to your motherfucking plaque

A Mack eleven when I'm clapping a rap

You can't battle that, your fans need to understand the facts

You ain't even got the balls to rock on the track

If you do, then do the damn thing

And call your man back

I treat you like a lab-rat, and shove a cactus up your ass crack

Stop the bleeding with a Tampax

In fact, you're so vain you probably think this rhyme is about you

But really, nigga, I'm doing better than without you

Lyrically, I'm a mouthful, throw blows too low to crouch too

Pick a mic up and joust you

Brainstream in the cranium, lyrical arithmo mania

The creator of a greater sum

Updated lungs were created by the pyramid builders

With silvers injectors, equipped with K.N.N. filters

To keep out the filth and the dust, when I bust, you hush

Or I just sh-sh-shit you and flush

You want Hip-Hop? Then yo, Canibus is a must

Give a fuck if the shit flop, nigga, I still bust

For real, I don't complain, I don't explain

Been profane before I had a name in the game

I spit a verse, delete out the curses

Reverse it, and verse it, write it out in cursive

I don't have to learn it, so if you want to teach then teach

But don't preach, if you got something to say, speak but don't reach

Yo, tell me what your problem is, why you mad at me?

What's the big tragedy? Why you want to battle me?

You the one with all the dough up in all the magazines

Every time I look, your ugly ass is on the screen
So what's the fascination with me?
Rhymes aside, I'm a small fry, waiting for a little mic time
Yo, all I do is write rhymes
If a nigga, disrespect my mic, he disrespecting my pride
I beat you and beat you, 'till I defeat you
If you beat me, then I'll regroup
'Till the beef is on the meat-hook
'Till the gas bleed from the juke
And rap music is read in my book
Curriculum carpet bombing leave the street shook
If you want to get at Canibus, nigga, get in line
The best rapper in the world reserves the right to decline

[Canibus]

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

[Canibus]

Yeah, it's the lyrical landmine
Got you motherfuckers on stand by
Yo, Can-I-Bus? C.A.N.I.B.U.S
You know I'm the best
Yeah, one time when we emcee
Magazine clip never empty, motherfucker, don't tempt me

The Brainstream, blazing the green

Canibus Lyrics

"King Of Sorrow (U Didn't Care Remix)"
(feat. Sade)

[Lightning and thunder]

[Whisper]
King Of Sorrow

[Female]
Yea, Yea, Yea, Yea, Yeah... Sorrow

[Canibus]
Whattup Em?
It's ya biggest fan

It's not even necessary to introduce who I am by now, cuz we're good friends

Remember the letter I wrote

Before Atlanta on Up In Smoke

That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat

I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke

I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show

But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you

Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you

To tell you things have changed

And I'm a different man

A different level of understanding

I'm a different Stan

Things are a lot better

I promise I won't harrass you with any letters

Saying things like "We should be together"

I meant we should start a group

The industry's full of homosexuals Slim

But I don't wanna touch you

I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you

I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

[Sade Singing]

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

I Just Wished You Cared

[Sade]

Sorrow..

[Canibus]

When I say talented, I don't mean battle Slim
I mean storytelling, kinda like how your album is
I been attending counselfin and taking medicine
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland
They showed me techniques to help me deal with pressure
Whenever I remembered that crazy night when I was being reckless
 Drivin with a deathwish
 On the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus
 Right before I finished that last sentence
 I was listening to Xzibit's album "Restless"
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless
 I was unconscious for a second
 Literally dying to go to heaven
Till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage
 They started CPR, then they called the paramedics
 In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it
 By the time the car sunk
 My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk
 And I was still feelin kinda drunk
 The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher
 Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure
 One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some trees
 My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see
 I just remember his voice talking to me
 In the emergency room
I needed surgery to get some glass removed
 And fifty stitches for my wounds

[Chorus]

[Sade Singing]

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

 Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

 Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

After a couple months of therapy
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be
 I wanted to be an emcee
 He took me to shows wit him
 He let me flow wit him

He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him
I really believed in him
I decided to team wit him
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him
And I'm MC'ing wit him
I'm havin the best time of my life
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life (*[both:]* rhymes of my life)
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too
He ain't see-through
I can't see him frontin
He's not the type to call you just because he needs something
That's what I like about him
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him
He's got cajones and he's not a coward
Matter-a-fact, I think he met you
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you
Why can't we be friends Em'?
I don't want nothin from you
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us
Tell me where you think all of these record sales spawn from
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you.

[Chorus]

[Sade Singing]
Sorrow... yea, yeah
Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow... no
Of Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow... said you didn't care, you didn't care
You didn't care, You didn't care
[Canibus]
Why didn't you care?
[Sade]
Sorrow..
[Both]
You Didn't Care
[Sade]
King Of Sorrow... no, no, no

[fades]

Canibus Lyrics

"How Many MC's"

[Chorus]

How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
(How many MC's?)
... Don't fuck with Bis

[Verse 1]

Yo, I'm valued as one America's most prestigious
breeds of rapper for oral speeches and ghetto english
Canibus, Can-I-Bus is my LLC
Limited Liability Corp, can you spell that for me?
When I was young I wish I had someone to tell that to me
Here's my card, Poet Laureate since 1803
I know people who have written newspapers on me
Some are greatful to me, others be hatin on me
You wanna bet I ain't the illest? What you tradin' wit G
Occasionally I can feel the ripper ragin in me
I dunno, maybe it could be how the industry behaved with me
and lets say probably the Jamaican in me
It could also be Universal wasn't patient with me
if they weren't payin me I coulda called it slavery
The way they blatantly labeled me
some satanically motivated rapper that was related to beef
I know I'm strange but my blood ain't green
and I never needed a team because I'm not as dumb as I seem
The trinity divided into a dozen light beams
the future Ive seen has humbled my dreams
to come in famine and disease
But lemme chill I sound like Priest, and I don't really feel like gettin deep
Yall niggaz know anyone of The Horsemen could rip shit
But how many MC's must get dissed?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Ya know, I just think its time to be greatful
For every emcee that came through and spit tape-ful's of data for you
Every album before this, I made it for you
nowadays the truth is I got nothin to prove
But I heard him call my name a couple times
in a couple of his rhymes and I thought about it a couple of times
Is he lookin for a response or is he being a jerk?
Or am I just to involved in my work?
I thought to myself, "why he put my name in his verse"?
When he said I wasn't ill he just made things worse
Thats when I recognized what Stan was worth
the only man on earth that could reverse the 'Cool J curse'

I served him, like a nigga without purpose
constantly takin Rip The Jacker back to my therapist
I wasn't prepared for this
people wanna embarrass Bis for reasons that are not really apparent to me yet
What, I can't get signed because I got mad at a vet?
How could a couple verses have so much anger in 'em?
Dont you know the difference between Rip The Jacker and Bis?
Go use the Pythagoras theory and do the math on this
Add up every multi syllable paragraph
that I've managed to average since January 96
and tell me when you find it you dick ridin' bitch
I'm so sick of you bein skeptical always runnin behind my shit
tell me the truth, you really think its time that I quit?
You think maybe I could wholesale these rhymes that I spit?
I guess the nicest MC's got tired of Bis
and lied to theyselves like they never relied on Bis
The real rock of the game, people have climbed on Bis
rhyme mo' sick then anybody out your clique
Wit thousands of niggaz devout for that shit
I got a couple of bitches too, I make em bow to the dick
The album is sick, some Hollywood biography shit
the difference between ships in bottles, and bottles in ships
Fuckin wit Rip they find your fossils at the bottoms of cliffs
Stick 6 mics up your ass even though I doubt it will fit
but still how many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?

(how many MC's?.....)

[Chorus 2 x2]
How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
(How many MC's?)
... Don't fuck with Bis
How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
Y'all niggaz know the rest," don't fuck wit Bis

Canibus Lyrics

"Falster Ego"

[Bis] Yo Rip, come here man, lemme talk to you for a second...

[Rip] What the fuck you want to talk about nigga?

[Bis] Why You screaming man?

[Rip] I'm The Illest! I'm the illest...

[Bis] Yo Relax... put that down man

[Rip] Yo don't tell me to relax I'll beat your skinny little ass

[Bis] Yo What the fuck is wrong with you?

[Rip] Fuck You!

[Rip]

You fuckin' hate me, you tried to lock me in the basement
And you still want me to protect you, it doesn't make sense

Canibitch, I supported you like a weight bench

Without me your defenceless, you betta' face it

You ain't show me love when you was at ya' apex

Gettin' paychecks, up at the radio with DMX and Flex

Catchin' wreck while Noriega was catchin' his breath

I had to keep the situation in check

Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best

The industry fucked you I'm just payin'em back

What's the matter w/ slayin' these Jackers, that's all I been doin'

Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nuthin' to'em

they just mad cause when I see'em I don't run up to'em

Between me and you yo-know I'll run right thru'em

[Bis]

Calm Down!

[Rip]

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga I'm a Ripper remember

I told you not to do "Gone Till November"

But you wouldn't listen, I always had ya' best interests in mind

I wrote all ya' best lyrical lines

If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful rhymes

On the stage if you was tired I would spit'em sometimes

Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes

I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let the shit ride

But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis

If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis...

[Bis]

C'mon Rip? You a lyin' ass bitch and you know it

Group Home was part my company I co-owned it

If there's one thing I learned in showbiz, stay focused

And don't quit. Rip, why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain, don't you understand?
 fuck the mainstream, you should just call out names
 The industry's all about game...
I shit on 'em all the same and leave spit stains on they brain
 Like liquid chocolate spillin' all over ya' new white trainers
 Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is a Mason, I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
 I just know that both ya'll are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat I been rhymin' for ages
 Rippers are dangerous, and all jackers are afraid of us
 You wanna' face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis]
No, That's ridiculous...

[Rip]

Aiiight then, listen to mine...

I'll jump into costume, impromptu, just to rob you
Put the nozzle to ya' eyeball and tell you what not to do
 Rip your tonsils out thru ya' nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils, make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacque Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
 With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule and smash the console
Shit on you in reverse suck you into a brown hole
 Suck the power outta' ya' soul
Ya' nuthin but a coward in a cold freezer with an hour to go
 Watchin' my casio stopwatch countin it slow
Like drug lords checkin to see if it's talcum or coke
 I could kill you by drownin the globe
Or I could just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in ya' throat
 In battles I'm a thousand and oh, I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
 No? I thought so... Neither do I
It's a dick between ya' mothers thighs divided by PIE
I'm the sickest linguistically illicit lyrical misfit in the business
 And possibly in existence, what's your consensus?
Studied my own syntax statistics since '96 wit CPA certified assistants
I've made the decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I could honestly say I love more than women are dope writtens
 If it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive just practice ya' penmanship
 If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
 Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to the manufacturers specs, you'll make a mess
 Rupture the blood vessels in ya' neck fuckin' with Rip
 Got millions of blueprints on zip disks
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversions kits
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this, nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
 The world where that I Rip, the world that I Fixed, the world where I live

[Bis]

Ok Rip, you made your point, I can't out rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you've proved
It's just a couple rappers that don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth you got talent out the gazuu
When niggaz first heard of you it was like a Man On The Moon
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you?
What happens if the rumors about being a fagot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into, I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you, niggaz in the game don't wanna' do nuthin' with you
Bussin' with you, goin' one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, ya' shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I have to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you, as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since the 3rd album I been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm I'm representin' you
You're Rip The Jacker - I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga'
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you - Forget it!
People know you won the battle they won't give you the credit
Alotta' people don't wanna' admit it
But I consider it a real privilege to bear witness to ya' lyrics
And be involved with sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second, so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us, the author or the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exobus scripts as a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice, remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever there's always a ripper with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip ain't that how you wanna' keep it?
I keep ya' whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend, so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]

Ayo Stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna' do is steal rhymes from me
you constantly keep me behind wall of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie
If I was priority you would acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smilin at me
Gimmie the keys to the garage I need to borrow the Jeep...
Get the fuck out my face nigga!